

Shooting Stars

The Woman kneeling before The Altar was like a shrouded angel. The skin on her unwashed body was smudged green with grime and blended seamlessly with an olive green jacket. It was her feeble attempt to cover her luminance. The sun blazing through the stained glass windows of The Church enveloped her in an otherworldly glow. The Priest approached cautiously, fingering The Cross that hung from his neck. He thought her homeless, and asked, "Can I help you?"

The Woman said, "No, but I may help you." Beneath her jacket she was nude.

The Priest asked, "Why are you naked?"

She said, "I've come to bare my soul." When The Priest averted his eyes from her exposed breasts, she said, "I'm brilliant. Do you know that? I'm a Shooting Star. Do you know how far I've come?"

The Priest frowned, saying, "Is there someone I can call for you?"

The Woman looked at The Cross and said, "Call *God*, for He has sent me."

The Priest, covering his nose to block out her stench, said, "I'm sorry. You have to leave this place. We don't allow nudity inside The Church."

In the next instant, The Woman dissolved into thin air. The Priest gasped. Then he saw The Diamond on the floor in The Woman's place, and he heard her whisper, "*Blind eyes shall never See.*"